Standly. Madam let's go vnto ſome houſe heereby,
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we go.
Elnor Ah good ſir Iohn, my ſhame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with caſting off my ſheete:
But come let vs go, maſter Sheriffe farewell,
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt.

Exit omnes

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.

King. I wonder our Vnkle Gloſter ſtayes ſo long.
Queene. Can you not ſee? or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vſe himſelfe?
The time hath beene, but now the time is paſt,
That none ſo humble as Duke Humfrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
Yet he will neither moue nor ſpeake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troopes, crying, God ſaue the good Duke Humfrey,
Honouring him as if he were their King?
Gloſter is no little man in England,
And if he liſt to ſtirre commotions,
Tis likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no ſuch thing,
Then let it paſſe, and call't a Womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Diſproue my allegations if you can,
And by your ſpeeches, if you can reproue me,
I will ſubſcribe and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
Suf. Well hath your Grace foreſeene into that Duke,
And if I had beene licenc'd firſt to ſpeake,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces tale.
Smooth runnes the brooke, vvhereas the ſtreame is deepeſt.

No,

No, no, my Soueraigne, G
Vnſounded yet, and full of
Enter the D

King. Welcome Lord S
Somer. Cold newes my
That all your holds and To
Is ouercome my Lord; all
King. Cold newes inde
but Gods will bee done.
Yorke. Cold newes for m
Euen as I haue of fertile En
Enter D

Hum. Pardon my Lieg
Suf. Nay Gloſter know
Vnleſſe thou proue more l
We do arreſt thee on high
Hum. Why Suffolks D
Nor change my countenan
Whereof I am guilty, wh
Yorke. Tis thoght my lor
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of t
Through which his Maieſ
Hum. Is it but thought
So God me helpe, as I hau
Euer intending good for E
That peny that euer I took
Be brought againſt me at t
I neuer rob'd the ſoldiers o
Many a pound of mine ow
Haue I ſent ouer for the ſo
Becauſe I would not racke
Car. In your Protector
Strange torments for offe
England hath beene defam
Hum. Why tis well kno
Pitty was all the fault that
A murtherer or foule felon